RANKEILOR'S DIAMOND.

Chambers' Journal

I was lying lazily in my hammock, which swung in the cool breeze; hung from a giant limb of one of the great trees in the com-pound. I was realizing, somewhat uncom-fortably, the condition of my finances, and forcing myself to look the situation squarely in the face. I was slow to believe that pleasure is a more costly thing than labor, and its products far from being as satisfac-tory. When I left England I assured my tory. When I left England I assured my father that 500 a year and my pay would be more than enough to cover all my reason-able wants and wishes, and now, after nine Departure I was so straitor ten months in Barelly, I was so strait-ened "for lack o gear" that I must either overdraw, borrow or live an exceedingly retired life for the next three months. The privilege of playing guinea pool in Ashton's rooms with much better players than myself, and the not very heavy book on half-adozen sporting events, had combined toward this rapid result, as I could not help rue-

fully acknowledging.

As I mused, I became suddenly aware of a laughing face looking down into my ham-mock. Rankellor, the captain of my company, had swung himself noiselessly into the tree and perched astride a rough limb that swayed alongside of mine. "Well, Campbell," was his gay greeting, "you are enjoying the dolce far niente in the shade. I am just released from duty."
"You are mistaken about the dolce." I

"You are mistaken about the dolce," I plied. "I am tasting the bitter, not the weet do-nothing," and shall have to taste it for some time to come."

I have been a bit remorseful over you, "I have been a bit remorselut over you, lad." said he, speaking more gravely than was his wont, and without looking at me, scraping down gray fragments of lichen from the trunk of the old tree. "I have not forgotten that it was I who first introduced you into Ashton's rooms and to his fast set. I have been foolish enough my-self; but I had no right to drag you into a like scrape.

"Nonsense, Rankellor" I said hastily. "I was just charging myself with moral su-piness when you came upon me so suddenly resolving to pull myself together and re-sist even Sixpenny Nap in future!" He smiled his bright sunny smile. "All right, lad. I'll back you up—I am afraid I

need not say what I came to say-to ask rather. You could not lend me a tenner for I shook my head regretfully. "I am com-letely cleaned out, Rankeilor—not a rupee oft. And, what is worse, Ashton holds one

or two i O U's, which he must hold till next pay."
"Ashton holds them?" he repeated, a

quick, impatient frown crossing his features. "Then you positively have not a single coin to throw at a fellow, Camp-Not one, Rankellor. I am awfully sorry,

"Oh, never mind," he interrupted, with ready kindness. "I shall have plenty in a day or two, and may be able to give you a lift—who knows?" He reached up to the limb above to steady himself for an elastic

spring downward.
"Hallo! What's come of your big rose diamond?" I asked, looking at the empty

setting of the ring he always were on the little finger of his left hand.

He, too, looked at the empty ring, and although he laughed, I saw that he had changed color, and his laugh, to my ear, who knew all his moods, bore an inflection of pain or yearstin. of pain or vexation.

-shall have it reset in two days at the furthest," he answered. "And I mean to make the setting more secure." With a nod he sprang down and vanished.

I wondered idly why he had shown some

little confusion or annoyance at my ques-tion. The ring was a lady's ring—a large, exceedingly beautiful rose diamond, set be-tween two opais. Of course he was bantered unsparingly about it by his brother officers, and equally, of course, he retained his bright good humor, and replied with ready wit, making none of them any the wiser regarding the donor of the ring. I alone knew it was his mother's old engagement ring, and that she had asked him to transle it his talianan his charm against make it his talisman-his charm against evil."
"It is time for your rope drill.sir, and the

men are turning out!" said Farrell's voice, breaking in on my thoughts. I sprang down at once, casting a regretful look at the hammock that I left swinging in

the cool shades of green boughs. I hated rope drill, and the men hated it even more cordially than I did. It was an arrangement of ropes and knots whereby eight or ten men could be made to represent fifty or 100-by dint of hard work and much running about. However, the weather was not yet hot enough to make active exercise positively disagreeable; so we went at it with a will just inside the wall of the great sompound in the center of which stood the

the men, who trotted away thankfully, wiping their hot brows, I threw myself down on the ground, hot and panting. Petersen, one of the men, had remained to gather up the ropes and convey them to their places. Suddenly he darted away from the ropes and dashed his cap at some

object with all his force.
"What is it?" I asked raising myself on
my elbow with languid curiosity to watch his movements.

his movements.
"It's a rabbit, sir! He's got into a hole
here; but I'll have him for supper yet." He
began pulling away some light shrubs
around the mouth of the hole or ditch into which the rabbit had disappeared. I lay down again heedlessly, to lounge away a few of the fifteen minutes that would intervene before the bell sounded for tiffin. Suddenly I heard the man calling me by

"Mr. Campbell, sir, won't you please ome here just for a moment?"

I jumped up and went to the mouth of the hole, into which man and rabbit had both disappeared. Peterson was emerging from it feet foremost, dragging something after

"This is a queer place, sir," he said; "it goes in ever so far. It's a regular tunnel, it is; and I found them things inside!" He held up a trowel and a pickaxe—a very small one—both of which bore evidence of having been very recently used for exca-vating purposes in the half-dried, freshly

turned earth adhering to them.
"Where do you suppose it leads to?" I asked, taking the trowel in my hand. "Well, sir, I didn't go in very far: but it goes off that way a good bit," He de-scribed a sweep with his arm, passing the officers' quarters to the left.

"And that leads?"—only for an instant did I stand with bent brows; then, as if a "brain-wave" had flashed from one to the other, we both exclaimed at once: us! The fort!-the fort, with all the

"It must be that." I said, in consternation. "Petersen, you go in again and pene-trate to the very end. I shall walk above, as your voice directs. Mind you must shout We must look into this . The man obeyed at once and crept back

into the hole.

As soon as he had completely vanished, I threw down the trowel and prepared to fol-low above ground, when a single dazzing point of light glittered like a star from amid this displaced earth fallen from the trowel where I had thrown it down. With a strange, sinking feeling of genuine dismay at my heart I stooped and picked up Ran

I had no time, then, however, to specu-Inter Petersen was already shouting, his voice muffled and indistinct as from a distance. I rolled the precious stone in a corner of my handkerchief, and sprang away to follow the man's progress. I replied to every shout by stamping violently on the ground. As we had feared, we were led directly to the "fort," where all the moneys of the carrison was readed, and stacked of the garrison were packed and stacked from floor to ceiling. What was worse, the faint, muffled voice had ceased to lead me forward. I stood within two or three yards of the back wall of the fort. Evidently the tunnel was quite near completion; a single night's hard work, a brick or two removed

from the wall, and the excavators would be richly rewarded!

I turned and quickly retraced my steps to the mouth of the tunnel. A group of men, among whom I distinguished Captains Ast-ton and Fordyce, stood by the entrance Plainly they had been watching our move ments and must have thought them even pictous.

Obeying a swift impulse, I lifted my handkerchief and slipped the jewel into my mouth, where it lay, "rolled like a sweet morsel under my tongue." I saw that Captain Fordyce held the trowel in his hand and Captain Ashton had just laid down the nick are

pick-axe. "Campbell! You, Campbell! It can't be possible?" exclaimed Ashton, in amazed crescendo. "Who would have thought or believed it! I should sooner have name

any other man in the garrison had been asked to pick out the—the delinquent."

"The delinquent!" I repeated haughtily. "How dare you use the word to me! I have been discovering a bold and daring attempt to rob the fort—an attempt that has your day agar to success too! An. come dangerously near to success, too! Another night's work would have finished

"What did I tell you, Fordyce!" inter-rupted Ashton, shaking his head. "I told you when we discovered the tunnel yesterday and resolved to watch it, that th the excavators would be sure to wear a bold front and proclaim themselves explorers

"I will not submit to this!" I cried with intense anger. I never was a patient man and Ashton's half-compassionate, half-con temptuous tone drove me wild. "You exceed your authority, Ashton! As for Petersen, he was obeying orders. I am going now straight to Col. Pryor, to lay the whole infamous business before him. I think you will scarcely dare to say that that is the course of action a cult man would is the course of action a guilty man would

I turned sharply around to do as I said. when the men, coming upon me like an avalanche, seized and overpowered me in a moment, and with either arm in a powerful grip, I realized with speechless anger that quietness would serve my turn best, at least for the present. Both Ashton and Fordyce were my superiors in rank. I was comparatively a newcomer, while they were veter-ans in the service. Even if proved a mis-take, their mistaken zeal would do them less harm than good in the colonel's eyes in

so serious an affair as this.

"Escort Mr. Campbell to his quarters, men." said Ashton's quiet voice. "Petersen can be taken to the guardhouse for the pres-Fordyce, we had better go at once to

Col. Pryor.' I was "escorted" to my quarters by the obedient automatons on either side of me. Once fairly into my rooms, the first use I made of my privacy was to lock away Rankeilor's diamond in a secret drawer of my desk; and then, though chafing like an im-prisoned eaglet, I forced myself into quietness in order to think out, as best I could, what relation Rankellor bore to this strange discovery of the secret tunnel.

I had abundance of time to pursue my reflections, for, with the solitary exception of the orderly who brought my luncheon, no one came near me for several hours. Over and over, round and round again, spun and whirled in my brain the events of the day and my strange discovery. The conclusion I came to was startling; and the instant I found myself being driven toward it, like horse swerving from a desperate leap, turned away and began my summary all over again. One or two thing I was quite sure of: Rankeilor's diamond had sparkled and scintillated on his finger last evening at the late mess dinner. Ashton and Fordyce had both declared that they had watched the tunnel since "yesterday afternoon," Rankeilor must therefore have lost the jewel in the tunnel while it was being watched, and at night, or very early in the morning. What could that possibly mean except!— I always stopped there, and began all over again. I remember, with a strange feeling of disloyalty to one who had been the kindest of friends to me that Raukellor had two or three times told me that he would have "helpt of money" within a he would have "plenty of money" within a day or two at the furthest, and would even be able to help me out of my tight places. One thing I was clearly decided upon, in the slow crystallization of repulsive ideas forming in my brain against my will—that was that so far as I was concerned in the matter I would shield my friend's pame. I

ter I would shield my friend's name. would preserve utter silence on the subject of his lost diamond, for the present at least, no matter what the penalty might be. A quick footstep in the corridor caught my ear; my door was thrown open, and Rankellor walked in, his face suffused with a fiery glow of indignation. "What a thundering shame, Campbell!" was his impulsive salutation, holding out both hands to me. "If Ashton and Fordyce knew you as I do, they would laugh at the thought of bringing such a charge against you!"
"As you do," I said, forcing a smile. "I

mean—as you laugh at it!"

He looked at me attentively, as if something in my manner had struck him as un-

"Tell me all about it, Campbell," he said, speaking with authority and kind ness both, "Let me hear your version of the

affair."
"Mine is very simple. I was at my rope testify. I had dis "Mine is very simple. I was at all the drill, as the men can testify. I had dismissed the men, all but Peterson, whose duty it was to see to the ropes, when I saw him fling his cap at a rabbit just darting into its hole, as we thought. Cap and rab-bit both disappeared, and Petersen crawled in after, and found—what made him forget the rabbit. We had just finished exploring the tunnel; in fact, I have not yet had Petersen's creport. Ashton and Fordyce, with one or two men, seized and arrested is and scoffed at my explanations."

Rankeilor looked grave.
-May I hear their account of it?" I asked

after a pause. "Yes, it seems that they discovered this tunnel yesterday, and without exploring it very thoroughly, suspected it might lead to the fort, and watched it from that time and all night, by turns. No one approached it until the lunch hour to-day, when they both-Aston and Fordyce-saw you and your man near the entrance. Then, as they supposed, with a view to discovering how far the tunnel had yet to penetrate before reaching the fort the man crept inside and you walked toward the fort until within a few yards. Then they called up their men and arrested you both on the spot. Is that

correct, Campbell?"

Before I could reply, a knock at the doc was followed by the entrance of an orderly, who informed me that Col. Pryor desired my presence in the anteroom. I went at once, followed by Rankeilor. There were only two men-my accusers-present in the anteroom with Col. Pryor when I entered. It was quite an informal inquiry; but I saw that the old "chief" noted keenly my every word and look. I told the plain, unvarnished tale, with simple directness, to Col. Pryor, and he listened with courtesy. When I had ended, he looked toward Afriton and

Forayee.
"You found this tunnel yesterday after noon, you say, gentlemen?"
"We did, sir, and we watched all night and all day; to-day one or the other of us kept near it."

The chief mused for amoment, his stern old face masked and inscrutable as that of the Sphinx. "Did you leave anyone or guard at the tunnel when you came to m first to report? Who is there now?"

The two officers looked a little foolish.

We did not post a sentry there after discovering the-tunnellers," said Ashton, somewhat lamely. "It will be time enough

in the evening. "Well, gentlemen," said the colonel in his short, decisive manner, 'I do not see why Campbell should not have found out this tunnel as well as you, with intentions as innocent as your own."

The officers were silent.
"It seems to me that you failed in your duty when you did not report such an im-portant discovery to me last night. And it does not seem just to attach any stigma to does not seem just to attach any stigma to Campbell's finding of it unless you share it! If Campbell and his men had been the exca-vators, they would not have risked drawing attention to their work in broad daylight. I am greatly surprised at your finding no one there during the night for certainly that tunnel was made in the hours of darkthat tunnel was made in the hours of dark-ness! I shall post sentries there to-night. I think you had better confine yourself to barracks till to-morrow afternoon—you three discoverers, I mean—and let me deal alone with this henceforward."

He left the room; and I never saw darker, angrier faces then were those of Ashton

angrier faces than were those of Ashtor and Fordyce on hearing the colonel's ulti-

turned to my own room, again followed by Rankeilor, who in his friendliest manner, laid his hand on my shoulder. "Campbell, old fellow, I don't mean to

"Campbell, old fellow, I don't mean to leave you alone till you make a clean breast of it! I see clearly that you suspect me of some complicity in this business and I shall haunt you until you confess. Come out with it."

I gazed at him in bewildered fashion for an instant. Why should I be so anxious to shield this man's reputation if he was himself so reckless of it! Or was this bold, affectionate friendliness meant merely to

affectionate friendliness meant merely to draw all my information and let him know where he stood? Well, he should have it. I would be reckless too, although the strong fascination of his look and manner, of the man altogether, had never been so strongly present to my mind as now. "I don't suspect—I know, Rankeilor," I

said, looking earnestly at him, "I found your diamond—where you lost it, in the very mouth of that tunnel, among the freshly

your diamond—where you took it. In the very mouth of that tunnel, among the freshly turned earth on the trowel."

A series of rapid, startling changes crossed his features, leaving him as pale as death; but his eyes never flinched from their steady gaze into mine, only his hand dropped from my shoulder.

"You found my diamond there!—my mother's gift!" he said sternly.

"Yes, I found it there. I have it safely; and no eye has seen it but mine, nor shall anyone hear of it from me, Rankeilor!"

His face softened again, and he repaleed his hand on my shoulder with a smile. He had but opened his lips to speak, when a hideous sound, or rather a babel of sounds, arose from the opposite room in the same corridor; a rain of heavy blows, mingled with howls and loud protestations, and groans of "Oh. sahib! I not steal it. I not steal anothing! Oh—oh, sahib!"

groans of 'On, sainto: I not stear it. I not stear anothing! Oh—oh, sahib!"

We both walked unceremoniously into Ashton's room, whence the sounds proceeded. It was not quite an unheard-of thing to find an officer beating his Hindoo servant with his braces or anything that came handy; but Ashton was in a furious session and was hisking according to the session and the session are session and the session are session as the session and the session are session as the session a passion, and was kicking savagely as well. Without a moment's hesitation Rankellor sprang forward and wrenched the man's

arm out of Ashton's any grip.
"Go-run," he said, and the poor wretch
needed no second bidding. needed no second bidding.

Ashton turned fiercely on Rankeilor.

"How dare you interfere? The dog has been stealing! I have lost.——." He stopped short, looking blacker than a thunder-cloud.

"I know," said Kankellor quietly. "You have lost my rose diamond, which you took from me last night at baccarat, knowing well that he represented more than five times the value of the amount I owed you! Ashton, you shall send me in your papers to-morrow! Fordyee, too—I have felt for some time that 'monkeys' and 'ponies' had gone quite far enough in your quarters; but when it comes to tunnelling through to but when it comes to tunnelling through to
the fort for money to supply your table it
must stop! I give you your choice—either
send in your papers at once or the whole
story of where the diamond was found—
among the fresh earth adhering to the
trowel—shall be told openly and freely."
"Bah! Say no more!" said Ashton, with
face and voice of exceeding disgust. "I did
not mean to stay long in any case in a corps
of cads and tradesmen: I shall exchange

of eads and tradesmen; I shall exchange into a horse regiment!"
"You were glad enough to win the money

"You were giad enough to win the money of the cads and tradesmen," said Rankellor coldly. "However, so long as you and For-dyce retire at once, you can go where you please. Come along, Campbell." He took me by the arm, and we crossed again into my room. "Is it all right now, lad?" he asked,

"Is it all right now, lad?" he asked, with his winning smile. "And you will restore me my mother's diamond? You say you found it."

"Rankeilor, I sincerely beg your pardon for having suspected you." I held out my hand, and he grasped it warmly.

"It was natural," he said, "but I could not bear to tell you how I had lost my mother's beautiful gift; and, until my next remittance from home, I knew I should not be able to redeem it. That was my reason for asking if you could lend me any money."

"And I could not." I said rufefully, "But, Rankeilor, how can you be sure that Ashton and Fordyce are the defaulters?"

"I'll tell you how," he answered readily, "and, if I am not mistaken, the chief guesses it as shrewdly as I do. When they reported the case the colonel told them that he would see to it, in a half careless sort of fashion; but he asked them to wait there,

ne would see to it, in a mair careless sort of fashion; but he asked them to wait there, in his house, until he performed an impor-tant duty. They did so with pleasure; and the old fellow, taking me along, went straight to the tunnel, and did exactly what you and your man Peterson, it seems, did. I crawled in; he walked above, and I guided him by cheeting. him by shouting. He examined the pickax and trowel. The earth on them was fresh. te different from that in the entrance I am certain he believes, as I do, that that earth was turned over last night! Camp-bell, my dear fellow, I forgive you with all my heart for suspecting me of-deuce knows what; but I refuse utterly and indig-nantly to suspect you of the least approach to complicity in this-crime! Give me the full credit I deserve." He laughed in his quiet, cordial way; but I saw that he was a little hurt, too. "And let's 'make a compact firm and sure' to help each other and these young fiedglings in our corps to escape the snares of such fowlers as Ashton and

the snares of such fowlers as Ashton and Fordyce. Shall we!"
"I shall never play for money again while I live," I said firmly. "And I don't think I can ever again distrust you, Rankellor." It was impossible for anyone to guess whether Col. Pryor suspected anything unusual in receiving the resignation of two officers on the same day. He could keep his own counsel—none better! The tunnel was safely blocked up and the fort closely quarded. It was in 1880 that the incident guarded. It was in 1860 that the incident occurred, and Rankeilor and I are still fast friends after thirty years. The snows of guarded. winter are beginning to besprinkle our heads, and our faces are tanned and weath-erbeaten; but our hearts are fresh and erbeaten; but our hearts are fresh and firmly knit as in early manhood. His mother's diamond still shines on his finger, though she has long ago fallen asleep.

BARBARA'S SEVERE TEST

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry Her mother was in consternation.
"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?"
she asked. "You have plenty of lovers." "I want, when I mary, a man who is brave and equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"
"He is big, but I never learned that he

was brave."
"And you never heard that he is not?
What is the: matter with Ernest, the gunsmith!"

"He's as placid as goat's milk?" "There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarreisome enough for you, surely?"
"He is no bigger than a bautam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set

upon by robbers."
That night night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.
"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, go

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl who stood upon the hearth coquetishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"I want to see if you dare do a very dis-"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up-stairs. It smells of moid. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up-stairs in the room my grand-father died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, not rest easy in his grave for some reason though that I know nothing about. Dar-you make that coffin your bed to-night?"

"Is that all? I will that, and sleep s y. Why, pretty one, did you think Miss Baroara.

Ernest turned straightway and the lad in waiting through dim repassages, up echoing stairs, along damp ways, where rats scuttled

pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he had taken a survey of the room by the ald of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary tor the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin. "Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark. Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping room.

big blacksmith in the keeping room.
"Barney," said she, pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed trom his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I have a test to put you through be-fore I give you my answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain." "Are these all the conditions you can offe

me. Barbara?' "All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face again." "I'll take them, then."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin and the coffin.

and the comm.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked "No, and I shall not until I know that

you can do a really brave thing."
"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you

Barbara."

"I have a little proposal to make to you.
My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching
by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his
post till morning. If you can make him do
it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart
and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy." exclaimed "Why, nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me

at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock and she sought her own chamber. Barney was sitting at his vigil and so far

all had been well. The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness, The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if some-body was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start and saw nobody near, though in the center of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this?" he ex-claimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue. The figure held up its right arm and lowly approached him. He started to his

The specter came nearer, pressing

"The d-l take you!" cried Barney in his

extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back, still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair-started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little, and while he was pummel-ing the little tanner unmercifully and Fritz

was trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified at hearing a voice cry:
"Take one of your size, Big Barney!" Looking around they saw the corpse sit ting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out, but they ran home in hot haste, pant

ing like stags.
It was Barbara herself who came an opened the door upon Ernest the next

said he, turning over in the coffin So she married him, and though she sent ding they did not appear. ered the trick they kept the themselves and never wi themselves and never Barbara's laughing eyes Telegraph.

dy for Tetter, Ecz Postage stan Rough or Scaly Itch-or body, Ground Itch are proclaiming by druggists and Trade supplied by H. W. Williams & Co.

THE INSTRUCTOR.

Not till we meet with Love in all his beauty, In all his solemn majesty and worth, Can we translate the meaning of life's duty, Which God oft writes in cypher at our birth. Not till love comes in all his strength and ter

ror. Can we read others' hearts; nor till then A wide compassion for all human error, Or sound the quivering depths of mortal woo

Not till we sail with him oe'r stormy oceans Have we seen tempests; hidden in his hand He holds the keys to all great emotions; Till he unlocks them none can understand Not till we walk with him on lofty mountain

Can we quite measure heights. And, oh, sac truth! When once we drink from his immortal foun tains, We bid farewell to the light heart of youth.

Thereafter our most perfect day will borrow A dimming shadow from some dreaded night So great grows joy it merges into sorrow, And evermore pain tinctures our delight. -[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York World

An Old Expression. "Conspicuous by his absence," an expression of considerable force, came into prominence after having been used by Lord John Russell in an address to the electors of London. He was afterward candid enough to admit that it was not an original expression with him, but taken from one of the historians of antiquity. His confession led to classical resear and the expression was found in the "Annals" of Tacitus. From this author we also have "God always favors the heavies! battalions," an expression afterward used

furious are the rockings in rough wea The intestinal wa

by Terence, Voltaire and Sevigne.-Phila-

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

ids nice, don't it? But O. how fast

delphia Ledger.

TARIFF ON CORSETS.

'Bab" Objects to McKinley's Bill--Makes Corsets Dearer.

WHAT WOMEN CANNOT DO.

'Bab" Delivers a Lecture on Her Sex to a Group of Women.

Why Should American Men Wish to Make Corsets Dearer?-Don't They Want Women to Look Trim and Neat, With a Figure All Divine?

> [Copyright, 1891, by the Author.] NEW YORK, Nov. 10, 1891.

From Our Regular Correspondent. It would interest me very much to know what the Republican party have to do with corsets! Why should the McKinley bill raise the price on corsets and pearl buttons? Does it wish the women of the country to become shapeless creatures, and to fasten their belongings with safety pins? WHY SHOULD CORSETS BE DUTIABLE!

You can't put entire confidence in a safety pin. It's the sort of thing that has a will of its own, and it's safe or unsafe, as it desires. But to return to the corsets. has lovely woman done to the Republicans that the price should be raised on the pink satin affairs, that are a veritable stay to her? What has lovely woman, who can make or unmake politics at her will, done that the beautiful brocaded French stays that the beautiful brocaded French stays should be raised in price, and be beyond the reach of respectability except when represented by millionaires? Then, too, buttons. Every Republican official should be forced to have colored China one on the shirt which is his protection by day or by night, for why should he decide the price of pearl buttons? It would be a good idea to make him eat a few of them just to see how they agreed with him at an advanced price. greed with him at an advanced price.

OH, NO, WE DON'T WANT THAT! The American man wants the American woman to look the best in the world; but if woman to look the best in the world; but it he continues to raise the price on corsets, she will be as shapeless as a meal bag, and the women of every other country can feer at her. Another thing. Just as men have seen the demoralizing effects of the very loose teagown, so when, because of its high price, we can't have any more corsets, the women of the nation will become a disgrace out, all owing to the freshness of a few politicians (I usually avoid slang, but that pointicians (I usually avoid stand, but that word "fresh" comes in very well when men take to fiddling with women's belongings), and women will all go straight to the dem-nition bow-wows, and sitting around like geese being fatted for the predigals.

geese being fatted for the predigals.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT A CORSET.

The moral of it is this: A woman who hasn't her stays on, no matter how loose they may be, is given very much to throwing herself in free and easy positions, that are very apt to suggest free and easy conversation. I know I am bringing down on my head the wrath of the people who believe that the devil and the corset are in combination. But, really, my friend, when do woman tell each other a great many things they had much better keep to themselves! At night, when the corset is thrown aside, the easy wrapper assumed, and conversation is very confidential. If a woman were braced up with a well-fleting pair of stays, she would have too much pride to tell her intimate friend of her husband's weakness; but, take off the stays, band's weakness; but, take off the stays, let her sit in an easy attitude, her emotions are varied, she gets a little down, and she are varied, she goes a fittle down, and she says what she oughtn't to say, and gives confidence that ought to be kept for her husband's ears alone. So you see a great deal more than the Republican party dreams of depends on the cheapness of the well-fitting corset. WILL DRIVE BAR TO SMUGGLERY.

By-the-by, did you ever meet one of these adylike gentlemen who wore long hair, gave one a large view of that piece of the apple that stuck in Adam's throat, and which he has inherited, and who seems to spend his has inherited, and who seems to spend his life in directing how beauteous woman should be dressed? He is accompanied al-ways by the gentlemanly lady, who cuts her hair short, wears a high, stiff, white collar, that, if she ever had any feminine white curves in her throat hides them, and is perfectly willing to indorse his views and give you a few liberal ones of her own. Nine times out of ten she has written a book on some nasty topic, and she is never book on some nasty topic, and she is neve so perfectly happy as when she can talk about the purity of the mind and the body inveighing against the vice of the corset, and not knowing that its influence is one of the greatest factors toward decency and good behavior. It's just possible that some editor may think this is a tout for a corset house, which it isn't, for I get mine from the other side, and consequently feel bitter toward anybody who wishes to raise the duty on them, and I now announce that I will never pay it; I will smuggle, first. Well, there is some pleasure in that.

WOMEN OVER THE TEACUPS. When two or three women meet together over a cup of tea, good tea, then the sort of club that I like has met. You can speak your mind without offending the president, say what you think without making the treasurer feel that it is personnl, and wear what you please without making the strat you please without making the strat you please without mulgarouse the sitreasurer feel that it is personnl, and wear what you please without undergoing the silent criticisms of about thirty pairs of eyes. This sort of an affair was going on the other day; the tea was good and the spoonful of sherry added to it did not detract from its flavor, and the question to the fore was: "What has knowledge done for women?" The speech-maker of the party told how it had made her a great painter, a great writer, a great scientist; how she had great writer, a great scientist; how she had become a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist; here, one small voice added, it was not necessary to teach her to be a thief; and how the great libraries were better filled, the great newspapers made more valuable, and the world at large altogether better because woman could write a prescription, could give an opinion as to the law of things, pull a tooth, and could stand in the pulpit and preach and unite people in marriage.

WHAT IF SHE WERE UNWOMANLY? A young woman who had lately wed Charley, said that if a woman had married her, she should feel as if she were properly bound to him, either in the sight of the law or in heaven. She also brilliantly remarked:
"What would Charley think if, when he came home at 5 o'clock from working down town all day, he didn't find me in a pretty rown, ready to make him as comfortable as possible, and to kiss him and love him? What would he think if I were writing books instead of that? What would he think if I were running around pulling out teeth? What would he think if I were sit-ting upon a tower looking for stars to come out and make a scientist of myself? The other two women agreed that Char-ley would think she was

A PRETTY POOR SORT OF A WIFE, and that he would have a right to do it; that her place was with Charley, for Charley, and that he was the first person to be considered. The other two gave violent applause to it, and I indulged in a rebel yell of delight, and took a mouthful of tea that was teo hot for me. Then I had my say. I may mention quite casually that I do not speak to the point; I have an inclination to grow personal, which no really good speechmaker ought to have; it is piquant, but it is apt to cause slight misunderstandings. These are healed in various ways by the razor, by the pistel, or by a cold, dignified A PRETTY POOR SORT OF A WIFE, razor, by the pistel, or by a cold, dignified manner; I generally go on the other side of the street, though, so that none of these nored customs are necessary

BAB'S LITTLE SPEECH ON WOMAN.

However, this time I took the speech of the lady who was logical, and I tried to answer it in a regular fashion.

Said I: "Knowledge of a certain kind has done nothing for women; the women doctors do not compare, so far as getting records well care, with a good old ways of the second setting the second seco rencasts taught me that no woman doctor of the a pain under the apron better than an cold colored mammy, who will give you a proper dose of paregoric and put hot salt bags on the place where the pain is, and sit and smooth your hands until you go to sleep. I wouldn't let a woman doctor experiment on my fox terrier; I know what suits him, and I can ive it to



YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y. MALLLISTER LUMP

CHAS. SCHEUBER

rs of Phil Best's Milwaukee Beer

ie Fort Worth Gazette. MON THE FORT

him myseif. Women have always known you could rub away a pain; they have always known the advantages of heat for simple allments, and when they have tried all these, then they want a man to fall back on. I don't think there have been many great women painters; I don't think there great women painters; I don't think there have been many great women writers; 'Adam Bebe' will be forgotten when 'Tiny Tim' is remembered, and 'Jane Eyre' will be a thing of the past, an unpleasant memory, when Col. Newcome is teaching the world what a gentleman is.

WHAT WOMEN CAN'T DO.

'I never saw but, one woman lawyer, but

"I never saw but one woman lawyer, but I may mention quite casually that I would let no woman run my squabbles; those that I couldn't attend to myself I would refer to the lawyer who had Mr. before his name. No woman need want to learn to be a preacher; she was born with that instinct, but her pulpit should be an armchair, her listeners her immediate family, and, if she practices as she preaches, her congregation practices as she preaches, her congregation will be a great credit to her. As for a practices as she preaches, her congregation will be a great credit to her. As for a a woman preacher marrying people, let people who like it be joined in wedlock after this fashion; as for my own part I should feel that the preacher was MARRIED TO MY YOUNG MAN, that we were rather mixed up sort of Mor-

that we were rather mixed up, sort of Mormons, don't you know. What women need nowadays is a little ignorance. Why, you blessed dear, don't you know that life is a great deal happier if you don't know too much! Ignorance is bliss.

"There never was a more beautiful poem

"There never was a more beautiful poem written in a few words than that by Owen Meredith, in which he says: To thee be all men heroes; every race noble; All women virgins; every house a temple; Know thou nothing base.

"That's my idea of knowledge. I am sorry not to seem to agree with the rest of the band of tea drinkers, but I do think women didn't know quite so much it would be a great deal better, and she would be a great deal happier. And she would make the men around her feel that way, too. MEN ONLY GROWN-UP BABIES.
"Every blessed one of you has a fashion of taking it for granted that whatever a man

says to you isn't true. Now, nine times out of ten it is, so the tenth time give him the benefit of the doubt, and when he finds the benefit of the doubt, and when he may you do believe him he will take a fancy to living up to his reputation, and he will tell the truth so he may not go back on you. A man is like a prophet—he wants to be believed in his own country, and when the women of his household don't show him that they have faith in him, he is pretty apt to give them cause not to. Just take one of your babies, and when it comes and tells you that it loves you, and you are brute enough to push it away because you are too busy (as if a woman ought ever to be too busy to refuse to listen to her child), then the next time that small boy feels the same inclination he will work it out in his bab mind that you didn't believe him before that you won't now, and soon he will giving expression to his love, and his limes out of ten the love will disappear Now, men, in some respects, are only grown-up babies, so just have faith in them and after a while, from a sense of pride, maybe they will make themselves what you think them to be. There, I meandere

from my subject. HOW WOMEN END AN ARGUMENT. The small woman who had lately become Mrs. Charley announced: "Don't surprise anybody, for you always drift to the men." I ought to have looked humiliated, but I ought to have looked humiliated, but I didn't. I simply, but forcibly, announced that I was only following the example my foremothers, who from Eve down hid shown the same inclination. The speed maker was afraid we hadn't answers the question, but somebody said something about a lovely black velvet cloak that she had seen, fresh tea was made, and the question was allowed to sink into oblivion, which, by the by, was the very best place which, by the by, was the very best place

THINGS WHICH GO INTO OBLIVION. So many good things might go into obliv-ion with good results—the butter that is high and the canvas-back that is not. The ices that are tasteless and the coffee that tastes too much of chicory.

The buckwheat cakes that are tepid and the oysters that are warm.

The terrapin that is messed up with some sort of an egg sauce, and the champagne cup that has four bottles of soda to one of

The soup in which the cook has lost the pepper pot and the mutton done crisp.

The tea that wants a prop because of its eakness and the toast that's thicker than

The eggs that are not infallible and the The eggs that are not infallible and the milk that has been so long away that it has forgotten the cow.

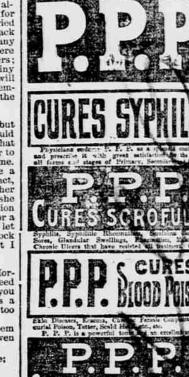
But, most important of all, there should go to oblivion the bad cooks—they have wrecked families, they have caused indigestion, and they have made the hour of dinner one of sadness and despair when it should be one of joy and delight.

By the by, in sending this consignment to oblivion, do not include

Bar.

to oblivion, do not include





Druggists, Lippman's Block, SAVANEAR ... L W. WILLIAMS & CO., Fort Werth. Mention the Fort Worth Gazette THE OLD DOCTOR'S

LADIES' FAVORITE,

Children

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hyp

pephites of Lime and salmost as palatable as Children enjoy it rather otherwise. A MARYELLOUS FLESH easily, may be fortified again cough that might prove seriouses taking Scott's Emulsion after the meals during the winter season.